

Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
JO. H. ROGERS, Editor and Proprietor.

FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1894.

Republican Ticket.

Election Nov. 6.
For County Judge—John P. Morton.
For Sheriff—Cal. P. Keown.
For County Clerk—D. M. Hocker.
For County Attorney—E. P. Neal.
For Assessor—N. C. Daniel.
For Jailor—John W. Black.
For Surveyor—G. S. Fitzhugh.
For Coroner—G. C. Westerfield.
MAGISTRATES:
Hartford—A. S. Atull.
Rosine—C. L. Woodward.
Crownwell—Jont. B. Wilson.
Fordsville—
Buford—

CONSTABLE:
Hartford—Hose Shown.
Rosine—Thomas Allen.
Crownwell—R. B. Martin.
Fordsville—
Buford—

TO HAVE A HOME.

The REPUBLICAN is soon to have a home of its own, something unknown to many newspaper so far as we are informed, that has ever had an existence in the county. In fact it now has the place of its permanent location secured, but some necessary building must be done before moving in. Under very great difficulties, THE REPUBLICAN, within the last two years, has steadily grown in every department until the business now done is twice, even three times, that of two years ago and is steadily increasing, so much so that the proprietor has proven his faith in the future success by purchasing a permanent place for its operation.

But this purchase costs money and the necessary building and equipment of the new office will cost more and we believe that the friends of the paper will do all they can to make matters as easy with us financially as is usually the lot of 'ye editor. In other words, friends, if you are in debt to THE REPUBLICAN, even though the bill is small, and you can pay it in whole or in part, it will greatly oblige us, and will enable us to serve you more acceptably in the future. We may send you a bill in a few days, but whether we do or not, and you feel able to tickle THE REPUBLICAN by dropping in some shekels on your account you will be most blessed. Who will be first?

Remember that when you pay up and a year in advance we will send you either the New York Weekly Tribune or the Lousiville Weekly Commercial a year free.

The date on which we move has not yet been determined, but the necessary building and arrangements will be begun at once.

WEATHER FORECASTS.

Rev. Mr. Hicks' Almanac contains the following forecasts for the remainder of the month, pointing to probable storms about the 20th:

"An equinox of Mercury is central on the 20th, and the full moon falls on the 21st, marking altogether a combination of events to cover the entire month from 20th to 24th rarely seen, all centering to a day on the earth's equinox. Let us prepare for, and watch results. Mercury will add destructive sleet to the general disturbances. Earthquake perturbations are very probable in all regions visited commonly by such phenomena. Wide and wild cyclonic gales will sweep the seas and coasts. At the close of the general convection great cold for the season will dominate most parts of the northern hemisphere. In all our preparations and watching, let us not forget dumb, dependent beasts. Provide shelter and food for all. A general tendency to storminess will prevail up to the last regular storm period of the month, which is from 25th to 29th. About 26th, 27th and 28th, change of temperature, barometer and wind currents will result in another series of storms, and these in turn will end in general cold. Thus endeth March."

Not for the past several years has there been so much deep solicitude manifested on the part of the people of the town regarding the College as has been seen and heard on every side during the past two weeks. The people had almost concluded that the present management of that good institution was permanent, and when the announcement was made that the Board of Trustees stood three to two against the granting of the additional \$250 to Dr. Alexander, and that the indications pointed unerringly to a change in the management of the school, it came as a shock which the people were not expecting. But there was such a rousing to the needs and requirements of the hour as could not possibly be misunderstood. A large number of citizens and tax-payers signed the petition to the Board, requesting the employment of Dr. Alexander, but the majority of the Board raised the objection that not half of the property of the town was represented on the petition. The school people accepted the challenge, and as the fruits of the canvass by the committee appointed at the meeting at the Court House last Tuesday night a week ago the signatures to the petition now represent \$120,000, to \$60,000 whose owners either oppose the spirit of the petition or else have not been approached upon the subject. It is but fair to remark that three-fourths of the tax-payers and

parties representing three-fourths of the wealth of the town favor the proposition. One member has resigned, leaving the Board two and two on the incase. If a schoolman is chosen to fill the vacancy, the contract with Dr. Alexander will no doubt be signed at once. But if some one opposed should be chosen to act until the next election of Trustees, it has been predicted that the determination of the matter will be deferred until after such election. This would be very unfortunate. Not but the people will elect a Board favorable to the spirit of the petition referred to, but there is no good sense in holding the matter open so long. Let the contract be made and thus prevent the interest of the school and the town being longer endangered.

WHEN W. C. P. Breckenridge was chosen to deliver an oration at the dedication of the World's Fair Buildings some Chicagoans objected, as they had a perfect right to do, and the unholly Breckenridge became offended and refused to serve. In view of the developments of the last twelve months, the country is ready to say, Blessed be those men of Chicago, who ousted Billy Breckenridge, and saved the country the humiliation of being introduced to the Nations of the world by such a social and moral leper.

So far, this before the election-boasted Democratic Congress has been able to pass but one public measure of National importance and political bearing—the Repeal of the Sherman Bill—and that could only be done by the aid of Republiquo. And although the Democrats have the House, the Senate, and the Executive, they have had a year of power, and yet the McKinley Bill, which they promised struck down at once on the Statute book.

No definite arrangements have been made by the Executive Committees of the different parties, but it is generally supposed the County Campaign will open about the first of August. If such arrangements be made for that time, it will insure about three months of as lively political hustling as this country has ever witnessed.

Mrs. Pollard has made two great mistakes in life. The first was when she listened to the flattery of the silver-tongued Breckenridge and was tempted from the path of virtue; the other was when she failed to kill the scoundrel while she had that pistol.

THE Legislature has adjourned bearing the best record of any like body in many years.

MAJ. MATT ADAMS will be the next Pension Agent for Kentucky.

A Wall of Imbecility.

[COURIER-JOURNAL.]

The Springfield Republican says that the Democratic Congress "may give the country the great boon of free wool, and the fact will be recognized. But even so great a measure of reform will not save or help the Democratic party when it is shown to have been purchased at the expense of a scandalous grabbing at Government bounty by representatives from the section where the party happens to be strongest. The country better stand a few more years of extreme high protection than be guilty of endorsing so palpable and outrageous a sectional steal." There is much truth in this. If the Democratic party cannot pass a tariff bill without selling out a principle to every Senator who demands that his vote be bought by a bonus to some local interest, it might be well to leave the McKinley tariff untouched, so far as any advantage to the party is expected.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is, unquestionably, the best preservative of the hair. It is also a curative of dandruff, tetter, and all scalp afflictions.

NO CREEK.

March 14.—Farmers are busy sowing oats this week.

Mumps is very prevalent and quite serious in a number of cases.

Mrs. Fannie Taylor, Washington, is visiting relatives here this week. Mrs. T. H. Carson, who has been on the sick list for some time, is somewhat better at this writing.

The Sunday School was reorganized last Sunday morning with a full corps of teachers.

Mrs. Fannie Westbrook and daughter, Miss Trivis, of Warren county, are the guests of Mrs. Westbrook's daughter, Mrs. O. R. Tinsley.

Chinn Bros. saw mill has been doing a large business here for some months past, and is still running on full time.

Rev. R. A. Stevens, Newtonville, Ind., preached here last Sunday to a large and appreciative audience of his old friends and neighbors. He left Sunday afternoon for his home.

Judge John P. Morton and lady came out Sunday to hear Rev. Stevens, the Judge's old friend and army comrade.

There is talk of an attempt to establish a Post-office at this place.

Born, to the wife of O. R. Tinsley, on the 14th inst., a fine ten pound boy. Dr. McCormick attending physician. Truly this seems to be a Republican year.

This place is improving very fast. Three new houses are in course of construction. Mr. S. P. Wallace will soon have his house ready for occupancy. The frame work for the house under construction for Mr. W. F. Stevens is all up and it will be pushed

to completion at an early date. Messrs. Loney and Virgil Sander-fur are putting lumber on the ground to begin the erection of their new dwelling, and as they are both bachelors, there is considerable speculation as to which one is going to turn benefit.

As far as we have heard expressions, Republicans here are well pleased with their county ticket, and are determined to elect it to a man, and hurl from power in the good old country of Ohio representatives of a party which since complete control of our National Government has been obtained by them have brought nothing but distress and disgrace.

MICAWBER.

If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any substitute article. Take Hood's and Hood's only.

FORDSVILLE.

We are having some beautiful spring weather

Rev. Roland filled his regular appointment at the M. E. Church Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. J. W. Bristol preaches at this Baptist Church every Sunday night.

Mr. J. M. Collier, of Collier's Station, was in town Saturday.

Mr. John Jones has returned from a visit to friends and relatives in Lousiville.

Mrs. Georgie Graves and little daughter, Bessie, spent Wednesday at Horse Branch.

Mrs. Jennie Mitchell is visiting Mrs. Ruth Graves, of Horse Branch.

Mrs. Oscar Hines and mother, of Sulphur Springs, are the guests of Mrs. J. Hocker this week.

Mrs. J. F. Cooper and lady are in Louisville this week selecting their stock of goods. We are glad to know that Mr. Cooper will engage in the mercantile business again. Mr. Clarence Smith has resigned his position as clerk in Hocker & Tabor's store. Mr. Smith is a good salesman and commands a good salary.

Mr. Elijah Cooper, of Lousiville, is in town.

Misses Oma Smith and—Lynch, of Hartford, are the guests of Mrs. J. I. McCuen.

Mrs. Annie Gamane spent several days last week with relatives at Whiteside.

Messrs. W. L. Graves, Kelley Tabor, Ed Tabor and Wallace Graves, of Horse Branch, were in town Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. J. M. Smith has gone to Cliftonport to be treated for cancer of the tongue.

Dr. A. Jones, of Deanefield, was in town Saturday night, looking after personal property.

Misses Jessie Reynolds, Flora Tabor, and Mr. Bradley Howard spent Sunday with Miss Martina Graham, of Sulphur Springs.

Mr. Allen Coppage was in town last week.

Miss May Tobor is visiting relatives at Guston, Ky.

The interest in the foot ball game continues to grow.

Our school, which is being taught by Mr. J. W. Petty, is progressing nicely.

Prof. M. B. Foster has just closed an excellent Writing School at this place. The prizes were won by Mr. Henry Walker and Master Asa Brown.

Success to the REPUBLICAN.

BONNIE DOON.

BEAVER DAM.

Mar. 14.—Rev. J. H. Teel, of Rochester, filled his regular appointment here Sunday at 11 o'clock, and also at 7:30 at night.

The roads here were well trodden Sunday by a party of horseback riders. The streets and road were blockaded by a band of roarmers.

Mr. Martin, of New York City, has been visiting his brother, John T. Martin, for the past few days, returning home Monday.

Messrs. John H. Nave, Hiram Maddox and Dr. W. P. McKeyney and Miss Bessie with a few others from Hartford left Sunday evening for Frankfort.

Mr. John H. Barnes went with his wife to Carrollton, Carroll county, Saturday, where she will remain a short time with her parents. He returned Saturday night.

Mr. Davage Taylor has moved into a residence of R. P. Hocker's on Main Street.

Mr. E. P. Barnes is in the East purchasing Hocker & Co.'s spring stock. His sister, Miss Fannie Barnes, will leave tomorrow to assist him in making the purchases.

Mr. Davage Taylor is in Louisville.

An alarm of fire was given at 11 o'clock Monday night at the Austin House. The fire started from the bursting of a lamp, but plenty of workers being immediately aroused, the fire was soon extinguished, doing but little damage.

Our Streets are being improved.

Mr. John Coleman, of Cincinnati, took dinner at the Austin House with Miss Dora E. Gibson, Wednesday.

Mr. Henry Carson, of Hartford, was out to see Mr. F. O. Austin Sunday.

The Frankfort patty returned yesterday.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Miss Lillie Austin and a friend made us a call Thursday afternoon.

Mr. John T. Martin and brother, of New York City, spent last Wednesday afternoon with us.

Miss Sue Monroe visited her parents near Norton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. James Drift has been out of school for the past two weeks owing to sickness.

A letter was found last week addressed to Miss—from John, North Carolina, finder will please return to Miss—and John will settle the bill.

ATTRA.

GOSSIP.

Mr. W. J. Lampton writes to the Detroit Free Press as follows, regarding a universal accompaniment of summer:

As sweet as woman's gentle voice that falls upon the ear, To soothe the bitterness of grief, to pacify and cheer, When woes and disappointments come to darken and destroy The hope that lives in human hearts, the comfort and the joy.

As soft as sounds of tender lute when some fair maiden's hands In listless languid loveliness stray sweetly o'er its strands And fill the melting moonlight with the music of the heart, In measures more melodious than were ever made by art.

As fierce as wild knight-errant with his glittering sword and shield, Resplendent in his valor, which may die, but does not yield To any that meets him in the lists or on the way, Or crosses clashing swords with him in battle's stern array.

As sweet as a lovely woman's voice, As soft as lute strings low, As fierce as knight of chivalry who strikes the deadly blow, Midst woman's wail of sorrow and the late strings twanging bright Are the musings of mosquitoes in the middle of the night.

And we'll soon hear that song again.

WANTED—a dog.

R. E. LEE SIMMERMANN.

The above advertisement has come to me with instructions to insert it in this column and to give the public such directions as regards the dog wanted as will meet completely the desires and approbation of the crude Mr. Simmernan. The reader will notice in the first place the reading of this "ad"—Wanted—a dog. You will be no doubt, forcibly struck, as was the writer, once with a brick, with the peculiar, yet dignified arrangement of the words which make known to the public what Mr. Simmernan means. The simple and untutored might have written it

—A Dog Wanted, but so ambiguous, sententious structure could ever emanate from the fertile imagination of the aforesaid erudite and eccentric Mr. Simmernan. He well knew that immediately upon reading the expression, a dog wanted, that in the minds of the fickle dealer in dogs as well as in the public mind generally, would arise the simple query, "What did the dog want?" And then, instead of the easier being enlisted upon the side of the advertiser in his heroic effort to obtain a canine his mind would be confounded by wondering whether the dog wanted a biscuit, or wanted to howl, or whether it was the same dog that wanted the bone, which Old Mother Hubbard vainly looked for in the time honored cupboard. But this is not all. What would have been the reader's paradox of mirth when he read the whole advertisement appearing boldly thus: "A dog wanted R. E. Lee Simmernan." Quicker than a flash would have come the thought, "what dog wants R. E. Lee Simmernan?" Who's dog was it that wanted him?" And last but not less pertinent, "what could any dog do with R. E. Lee Simmernan, anyhow?"

By thus presenting the difficulties which would themselves like a huge anachronism around the "ad" as the common herd would have written it, you can see plainly the great negative argument presented in favor of Mr. Simmernan's complete mastery of the English sentence. And now by spending a few moments in diligent search we may be able to arrive at some positive opinion of his ability to deal with words in all the intricate mazes of their chameleone like meanings.

"Wanted—a dog." The feeling of Mr. Simmernan is not merely that of a wish or a desire, for he uses the emphatic Anglo-Saxon verb, "WANT." "WANTED." He not only wishes a dog, and desires a dog, but he absolutely and unequivocally "WANTS" a dog and "wants him bad." What is it wanted? A dog—not the dog, nor a four-legged dog does the "ad" say, but merely a dog. What could be more appropriate than a want so definitely expressed.

Although from the reading of the "ad" the unthinking might be led to the conclusion that almost any animal belonging to the genus caninaceous would suffice, yet it must be remembered that it is a dog that is wanted—just a plain, unvarnished dog. No aristocratic or ephemeral an-gelic canine existence will pass muster—it must be a dog with all that a dog means.

The dog that Mr. Simmernan wants must be able to howl for nineteen consecutive hours without taking breath. He proposes to utilize the howling qualities of the dog to neutralize the music of the Bill "Nye" Hardwick Boarding Club, so that "Sim" can sleep at night. The dog is not to have less than three nor more than five appetites. He must be perfectly pliable, lying in the sun for hours at a time without being aroused by theuleto call of his master to run the hogs out of Dr. Alexander's garden. The dog must be both malleable and habitable supporting not less than 300 nor more than two ounces of inhabitants to the square inch

OUR RULE:

"Do unto others as we would have others do unto Us."

In Making Prices

We consider Values. It is not a matter of small cash, but of the equivalent of whatever is paid. That is the true estimate of economy.

We are Governed

By the actual wearing quality of goods in naming Prices. A dollar's worth of money for a dollar's worth of wear. Isn't that the better plan?

By Actual Values

In Spring and Summer Fabrics, we hope and expect to retain your confidence, and we now present the

Latest Styles In Spring Goods

For inspection by the ladies of Ohio county.

FAIR BROS. & CO PROPRIETORS OF Hartford Temple of Fashion.

FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1894.

To Wed.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Albert F. France and Miss Mary Hill at Christ's Church, Lexington, Tuesday, March 27. The contracting parties are two of the most prominent and popular members of society in the metropolis of the Blue Grass Country. The groom is proprietor of the famous Highland Stock, and is a man of much intellectual and moral worth. The bride is a beautiful young woman, possessing many rare qualities. She is the daughter of Gen. S. E. Hill, a popular lawyer and politician, dear to all the Pennyville, and spent her early life in Hartford, where she is deservedly popular.

Hood's and Blood's only.
Are you weak and weary, overworked and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify and quicken your blood and to give you appetite and strength. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other. Any effort to substitute any other remedy is a proof of the merit of Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assists digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

Judge J. S. Glenn has moved into the Miller property, on Walnut Street, Beaver Dam about 19th or 26th of April. All persons wanting first-class photographic work, I will be glad to make them. Remember I use the Instantaneous Process for Baby Pictures. Come to Beaver Dam for your photos, where you always get first-class work. Yours truly, A. D. TAYLOR.

Will Leave
Beaver Dam about 19th or 26th of April. All persons wanting first-class photographic work, I will be glad to make them. Remember I use the Instantaneous Process for Baby Pictures. Come to Beaver Dam for your photos, where you always get first-class work. Yours truly, A. D. TAYLOR.

Attention, Farmers.
My Clydesdale horse will stand at Centertown, Ky., beginning March 15th, and closing June 1st, 1894. This being the first introduction of this breed of horses into Ohio county, I give the following extract from the Encyclopedia Britannica, vol. 1, page 355:

The Clydesdale horses are not exactly by any cart breed in the kingdom for general usefulness. They belong to the larger cart horses, 16 hands being an average height. Brown and bay being the prevailing colors. In the district whose name they bear the breeding of them for sale is extensively prosecuted, and is conducted with much care and success. Liberal premiums are offered by local agricultural societies for good stallions. Horses of this breed are peculiarly distinguished for the FREE STEP WITH WHICH THEY MOVE ALONG WHEN EXERTING THEIR STRENGTH IN CART OR PLOW. Their merits are now so generally appreciated that they are getting rapidly diffused over the country."

It is further said by noted authority on the horse (Prof. Manning) that they make the best cross with the small mare of any heavy horse. In order to introduce this breed of horses into Ohio county I have decided to stand him at the low rate of five (\$5) dollars to insure a colt, at the same time the season of this horse cost twenty (20) dollars.

I have employed uncle Mack Ford, who is an expert hand, who will keep the horse at his stable. Due care will be taken to prevent accidents, but should any occur will not be responsible. This horse will be on exhibition at Hartford on the first Monday in April, next.

Very Respectfully,
T. M. MORTON, Centertown, Ky.

Mr. W. J. Morgan, of Louisville, has arrived in the city to assist Mr. W. F. Kennedy in his Photograph Gallery. Mr. Morgan is a fine artist and will give the people a grade of work far above the average. The display of work shown at the gallery is the finest ever brought to Hartford by any artist.

Rev. Hale received a telegram Wednesday morning, informing him of the dangerous illness of his 12 year old daughter, and he left for Owensboro at once. She had typhoid when he left for Hartford Monday, and is a very fine horse. Farmers should see him before breeding elsewhere. See his card in another column.

Owing to the calling away of Bro.

Hale, the revival has been suspended until such time as he may be able to return, when it will be resumed. The little preacher in the short time he was here, secured a firm hold upon the people, and nobody but he could carry on the meeting successfully.

Carson & Co. sell the Clothing.
Coi: J. S. R. Wedding has the grip. Ask Carson & Co. for tobacco cotton.

Buy your Neckwear from Carson & Co.

Come to Carson & Co.'s for plow Shoes.

Go to W. H. Williams for Cheap groceries.

Mr. J. P. Coleman, of Cincinnati, is in the city.

See our new line of umbrellas.
CARSON & CO.

Road Wagons, the very best, at Taylor & Co's.

Lowest prices on tobacco cotton at Fair Bros. & Co.

Mr. R. T. Collins returned from Louisville Tuesday.

Good oil red print, 5c per yard, at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Bananas, oranges and grapes at W. H. Williams'.

Mr. W. T. Pyne, Louisville, was in the city Monday.

Miss Emily Westerfield went to Louisville Wednesday.

Mr. W. S. Gaines, of Fordsville, is in the city attending Court.

For Farming Implements of every kind go to Taylor & Co.

C. R. Martin wants to sell you a new clock. Cheap for cash.

Call on W. H. Williams for a good lunch while attending Court.

Protect yourself by buying a Mackintosh coat from Carson & Co.

Mr. Wm. Lyons and Miss Mary Smith went to Frankfort Sunday.

Rev. H. P. Brown, Rockport, made our office a pleasant call Wednesday.

Dresses for spring, make the ladies sing songs of praises for Fair Bros. & Co.

Miss Dora E. Gibson, Beaver Dam, visited her mother's family Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Lukie Milligan and Minnie Wilson, of Hamilton, were in town Wednesday.

Judge and Mrs. John P. Morton attended church at No Creek last Sunday morning.

Policeman S. J. Walker, Hopkinsville, attended court here a day or two this week.

There are now eleven inmates in the county jail. An unusually large number for this county.

Free wool couldn't put the prices of clothing much lower than Fair Bros. & Co. have them now.

Mr. W. F. Kennedy and family have taken rooms with Mrs. Lou Collins on Mulberry Street.

Mr. Sam M. Wilson, a good and substantial farmer of near Rosine, made us a pleasant call Saturday.

Born to the wife of Mr. O. R. Tinsley, No Creek, on Wednesday, the 14th inst., a fine to pound boy.

Miss Mary Wedding, who is boarding at her uncle's, Col. J. S. R. Wedding, attending school, has mumps.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Storius, of Grayson county, visited the family of Mr. S. O. P. Hall Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. J. H. B. Carson and Miss Sara Collins are in Cincinnati, buying goods for the big store of Carson & Co.

Mr. J. M. Casebier has moved his family into the C. Hardwick property, formerly occupied by Mr. U. G. Thomas.

Mr. Geo. W. Martin and one of his children, Cromwell, whose name we failed to learn, have been quite sick for some days.

Miss Jessie Nave and Messrs. J. H. Nave, H. C. Maddox, Hilley Taylor and Dr. W. P. McKenney, Beaver Dam, went to Frankfort Sunday.

Carson & Co. will bring the largest stock of dress goods and trimmings that has ever been brought to Hartford. Don't buy until you see their stock.

Mr. T. H. Faught, Norton, has lately delivered three wagon loads of Irish potatoes to merchants here, for which he received \$1.00 per bushel.

Mr. W. L. Spalding, Louisville, visited his family here several days last week. Mr. Spalding has many friends here who are always glad to welcome him.

No marriage license have been issued during the past week. It is somewhat unusual for Ohio county to spend a whole seven days without one wedding.

Remember that C. R. Martin, the old and reliable Jeweler, is still in the ring, and is prepared to furnish you any kind of goods in the Jewelry line. Also does first-class repairing at lowest prices.

Fair Bros. & Co extend to all the journeymen a special invitation to visit them and inspect the largest and best selected and cheapest line of dress goods, clothing, shoes, etc., while attending court.

Miss Amanda Story got a fish bone fastened in her throat at breakfast Wednesday morning and was greatly inconvenienced by it during the day. By night her throat was causing her so much pain that Dr. Baird was called and dislodged the bone.

Remember that Miss Collins, Carson & Co.'s popular Milliner, will leave for the East on the 12th to secure a boss line of Millinery goods which will arrive in time for Easter. Wait and see our stock.

CARSON & CO.

Mr. W. J. Morgan, of Louisville, has arrived in the city to assist Mr. W. F. Kennedy in his Photograph Gallery. Mr. Morgan is a fine artist and will give the people a grade of work far above the average. The display of work shown at the gallery is the finest ever brought to Hartford by any artist.

Rev. T. M. Morton will stand his fine Clydesdale stallion at his stable at Centertown during the present season. Mr. Morton's horse is a Thoroughbred Clydesdale, and is a very fine horse. Farmers should see him before breeding elsewhere. See his card in another column.

Rev. Hale received a telegram Wednesday morning, informing him of the dangerous illness of his 12 year old daughter, and he left for Owensboro at once. She had typhoid when he left for Hartford Monday, and is a very fine horse. Farmers should see him before breeding elsewhere. See his card in another column.

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Otto Martin, Cromwell, is improving.

The sure path to economy is through Fair Bros. & Co's. store.

Baby pictures a specialty at Kennedy's Photograph Gallery.

Mrs. W. T. Hayward is visiting her parents in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. J. M. Bishop, of Centertown, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. George Raley, of Louisville, is attending Court this week.

Miss Lillie Carson, Hellin, is visiting Misses Ada and Lena Carson.

If you want good rigs and good teams call on Casebier & Burton.

Mr. Charley Annis, of the Cromwell neighborhood, died on the 10th instant.

R. T. Tweedie is the boss blacksmith. Call on him at Yenser's old stand.

It will surely pay you to leave your horse with Casebier & Burton when in town.

Mr. J. V. Hall, of Magan, is visiting his brother, Col. S. O. P. Hall this week.

Mr. C. R. Martin and family moved to the rooms over Nall's Feed Store Wednesday.

For first-class accommodations in the way of transportation call on Casebier & Burton.

Misses Lizzie Bean and Floy Duke, Sulphur Springs, visited Miss Deanie Duke this week.

Mr. J. L. Collins, who has been in Hartford several months, returned to Hopkinsville Monday.

You can put on "scallops" for a little money, if you buy your embroideries at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Mr. W. M. Fair, of the popular firm of Fair Bros. & Co., is in the East, buying goods for his firm.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Phipps and Mrs. E. M. Rhoads, of Louisville, will visit Miss Annie Lewis Saturday.

Born to the wife of Thomas Maple, Beda, on the 10th inst., a boy, Dr. J. E. Pendleton attending physician.

Mr. U. G. Thomas, who has resided here for some time, has moved to Hamilton Barnes farm, near Goshen.

Miss Mary Wedding, who is boarding at her uncle's, Col. J. S. R. Wedding, attending school, has mumps.

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Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1894.

THE LITTLE PINK APRON.

Native pink apron is clean and neat,
Though sometimes it touches her rosy feet;
And as our darling from home will stray,
We'll watch where its bright little flash to-day.
The plain pink cloth with many a crease
Will soon be rumples by hand and bairn,
And we even fear she'll climb the ledge
Or drag this pink apron through blueberry hedge.

This little pink apron fair and sweet
She'll dangle around her pretty feet,
And wander far, for there is no return.
She'll sit down on the standing corn,
While all the household ran up and down
Till all was over our little town.
And no one her hiding-place could guess
Until the wind rustled her crimson dress!

—George B. Griffith, in N. Y. Observer.

THEIR ALARM CLOCK.

Why Mr. Perkins Didn't Think It Was a Success.

How she did laugh at him! He was supposed to get up at seven o'clock in the morning, but on this morning he had sleepily looked at his watch, jumped out of bed, dressed himself and then discovered that it was six instead of seven o'clock. A few nights before he had sat reading in front of a clock that had been at ten minutes to ten o'clock for three weeks, waiting for it to get to half-past ten before going to bed, and had not discovered that it was not going until his watch showed that it was half-past twelve. Any wife would think that she was entitled to a little amusement at her husband's expense under these circumstances, but all things come to him who waits, and he waited.

It was, perhaps, two weeks after that she waked him up one morning with the remark: "You'd better hurry, Henry; it's seven o'clock now." He jumped out of bed, hurriedly put on his clothes and went downstairs. She hastily dressed herself and the children and followed him.

"Why, Henry!" she exclaimed, when she got down to the dining room, "the table isn't set."

"No," he returned dryly, looking up from the morning paper.

"And I suppose you would sit here and never make an inquiry," she said, indignantly. "Where do you suppose that girl is?"

"In the kitchen grinding the coffee," he returned.

"Grinding the coffee at this hour?" she exclaimed. "I'll see about—"

"It's only a little after six," he said soothingly.

"It's not!" she cried. "It's seven o'clock. Look there!" and she produced her little gold watch.

"It must have run down last night," he said.

She put it to her ear and her face grew red, but she recovered her self-possession in an instant. A woman always does under such circumstances.

"And you sat calmly down here and let me go ahead and dress the children at this hour!" she exclaimed.

"What could I do?" he asked.

"What good would my word be against your hundred dollar watch?"

She glared at him for a moment and then broke out: "I'll have every one of those clocks fixed to-day. I don't care if it costs one hundred dollars. If you were any kind of a man you would have attended to it long ago."

"It's no use doing that," he returned. "I'm going to get an alarm clock to-day."

"What do you want an alarm clock for?" she asked. "You've never been late to your work."

"I want an alarm clock, Mrs. Henry Ellsworth Perkins," he said impressively, "so that I can get all the sleep that is due me. I am going to put it at the head of the bed, and I am going to have it distinctly understood that whoever tells me it is time to get up before that alarm clock goes off is going to get into serious trouble. That alarm clock is going to be the oracle of this house on the subject of getting up, and it is going to be dangerous for any one to try to steal a march on it or dispute its word. Do I make myself clear, Mrs. Perkins?"

He did. He made himself so clear that she went over to the other side of the room and sat down with her back to him, and for nearly an hour they sat silent and solemn, waiting for breakfast. And it is very waiting to quarrel on an empty stomach—very trying indeed.

But he got the clock. He brought it home in triumph that night, and served notice on his wife that he, and he alone, was to be the manipulator of it. No one else was to touch it, and it was to be the sole authority on the time to get up. Then he set it, and barring the fact that by a slip he set it for six thirty when he intended it for ten minutes to seven it worked to a charm.

"But that's all right," he told his wife. "I'm not quite used to it yet, but I'll have it just right to-morrow."

"You had better put it up on the mantel where it will be out of the way," she suggested, but he told her that he was running that clock, and to prove it he left it on a little table by the bed where it was within easy reach of the children.

That's why he was awakened about one o'clock the following night. He had set it in the morning and simply wound it up at night, and he had not noticed that the children had been playing with the hand on the alarm dial. He had his doubts about it being the children's work, anyway, and his manner did not show that confidence in his wife that a man ought to have. Still, he could not prove anything, so he put it up on the mantel and for three days it worked to a charm. Then one morning there was a slip somewhere again. The alarm sounded, the clock indicated that it was ten minutes to seven and he got up and began dressing himself hastily. He was nearly ready for breakfast when he noticed his wife lazily watching him from the bed.

"Aren't you going to get up?" he asked.

"Not yet, dear," she replied, sweetly.

Then a horrible fear seized him.

"Is that clock wrong?" he asked.

"I think not," she replied, yawning; "but you know this is Sunday and we don't have breakfast until half-past eight."

He sat down on the edge of the bed and looked at her fixedly.

"And you let me dress myself without saying a word!" he exclaimed.

"The clock is the autocrat—" she began.

"Hang the clock!" he cried.

"As you please," she said softly.

"But what could I do?"

It wasn't so pleasant as some Sundays they had passed together; he seemed to feel injured.

A man will act that way when his wife has got the better of him on his own proposition. But the day passed and also the night, and the next morning he felt her shaking him and calling him.

"Don't be angry, Henry," she said, deprecatingly, "but aren't you going to the office to-day?"

"Office!" he cried, starting up.

"What time is it?"

"Twenty minutes past seven."

"Did—did I sleep through all the noise that clock makes?" he asked, making a dive for his clothes.

"No," she replied. "I guess you forgot to wind the clock."

"And you let me sleep?"

"What could I do? You said the clock was to be the autocrat."

The devil took the clock! he roared, dashing it to the floor, and in his excitement kicking it with his bare foot. "Ouch! Hang it! Mrs. Perkins! You're attending to the breakfast arrangements of this house! The clock isn't."

"You're quite sure, Henry?" she asked.

"Sure!" he cried. "Well, if I don't propose to be, I propose to hold you responsible in these matters and you might as well make up your mind to it. There's no use of trying to shirk it any longer. You're attending to the breakfast arrangements of this house! The clock isn't."

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